7th

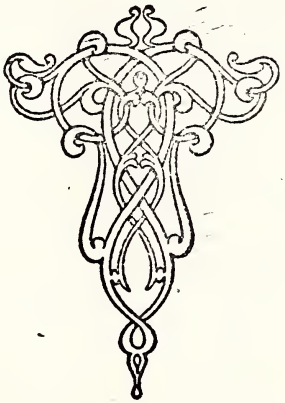
Seventh Annual Dinner

of the

Indiana Society

:: :: of Chicago :: ::

Saturday Evening, December the ninth
nineteen hundred eleven, in the
Gold Room of the Congress Hotel



Prepared for the Personal Use of the Members of the Society, under the Supervision of Wilbur D. Nesbit, Historian of the Indiana Society of Chicago : : : : :

Indiana Society of Chicago

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The Indiana Society of Chicago

THE seventh annual dinner of the Indiana Society of Chicago was in many ways the most enthusiastic and enjoyable one of the long series of remarkable banquets which have characterized the history of this organization.

The attendance at the dinner surpassed all previous records. A large number of the guests had to be accommodated at "overflow" tables placed outside the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel, where the banquet was held. These guests came into the Gold Room when the Toastmaster began calling upon the speakers.

As a souvenir of the dinner, each member and guest was presented a set of twelve volumes of original stories, poems, etc., by Hoosier authors. These books were printed and bound for the Society by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, and the set was contained in a handsome case. The titles of the books, with the authors, follow:

BOOK TITLE	AUTHOR
History of Indiana (Illustrated)	John T. McCutcheon
Who's Hoosier (2 volumes)	Wilbur D. Nesbit
Style and the Man	Meredith Nicholson
Short Furrows (Illustrated)	Kin Hubbard
Mrs. Miller	James Whitcomb Riley
Sweet Alyssum	Charles Major
After the Flood	Gene Stratton-Porter
The Dog and the Child and the Ancient Sailor Man	Robert Alexander Wason
Her Weight in Gold	George Barr McCutcheon
The Redemption of Anthony	Marjorie Benton Cooke
Verses and Jingles	George Ade

The Dinner

The programs of the dinner were handsomely gotten up and contained photographs of the speakers, with brief sketches of their careers, together with lyrics of songs which were sung during the progress of the dinner. The entire Glee Club of Purdue University led in the singing with the banqueters, and furnished, beside, a delightful program of special music.

The floral decorations were long-stemmed American Beauty roses from the greenhouses of Heller Brothers at New Castle. The American Beauty rose originated there and it was peculiarly appropriate that the splendid blossoms should be the sole decorative feature of the dinner.

The attendance at the dinner was over 650. Among those present at the speakers' table were George Ade, Gov. Thomas R. Marshall, Gov. Chase Osborn of Michigan, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Rev. John Cavanaugh, Dr. W. E. Stone, Prest. Purdue University, Judge Francis E. Baker, Presiding Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Dr. G. A. Mackintosh, Prest. Wabash College, John T. McCutcheon, Judge Quincy A. Myers of the Indiana Supreme Court, Hon. J. M. Studebaker, Dr. W. A. Millis, Prest. Hanover College, Dr. T. C. Howe, Prest. of Butler University, John C. Shaffer, Judge William H. Seaman, Judge C. C. Kohlsaat, Judge G. A. Carpenter, Dr. H. B. Brown, Prest. of Valparaiso University, Judge K. M. Landis, Judge Charles S. Cutting, Charles E. Coffin, Judge O. N. Carter, Meredith Nicholson, Ex. Gov. Winfield T. Durbin, Col. Charles L. Jewett, Rev. William Chalmers Covert, Dr. Francis J. McConnell, Prest. DePauw Uni-

versity, Bishop Hughes, as well as William Dudley Foulke, Kin Hubbard, Strickland W. Gillilan, Cy Warman, Col. L. R. Gignilliat, Robert Alexander Wason and Judge Henry H. Vinton.

Dr. Covert

Dr. William C. Covert, Chaplain of the Society, gave the Invocation.

The President

Mr. George Ade, president of the Society, acted also as toastmaster. His opening address was plentifully punctuated with cheers and laughter, and his extemporaneous remarks at different times, as well as his appropriate introduction of each speaker, were greeted enthusiastically. Mr. Ade, in assuming charge of the program, ordered read the following telegrams and letters received from distinguished Hoosiers who were unable to be present.

TELEGRAM:

James Whitcomb Riley

Halest greetings of good cheer to all of you.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[Great applause.]

LETTER:

DAYTON, Ohio, Dec. 9th.

Orville Wright

Am sorry not to be able to accept your invitation. It has been said that all great people come from Indiana and the greater they are the sooner they come. My parents came from Indiana a year or so before I was born but having a father and three brothers who were born in Indiana I feel a kinship to all Hoosiers and send heartiest greetings to those assembled in Chicago tonight.

ORVILLE WRIGHT.

[Applause.]

TELEGRAM:

Wish you happy evening. I was born in LaFay-

Simeon Ford

ette, Indiana, and resided there continuously until I was four weeks old. I believe that I owe much of my success as a hotel keeper to the early influences surrounding me in Tippecanoe County. Love to all the Who's Hoosiers.

SIMEON FORD.

[Applause.]

CABLEGRAM:

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1911.

John L. Griffiths

A health to all from a loyal Hoosier abroad.

JOHN L. GRIFFITHS.

[Great applause.]

LETTER:

John W. Kern

While my genial Hoosier compatriots are having the time of their lives, wrestling with a ten-dollar dinner and feasting on all the goods things that this unhappy world affords on the evening of December 9th, I will be in Washington, standing guard over their liberties and other possessions, and repelling the assaults of cruel and unrelenting predatory interests upon their homes and firesides.

Think of it! While you, favored people, clothed in purple and fine linen, are feasting on the fat of the land, eating, drinking, and making the marble walls of the Annex resound with your shouts of merriment, your faithful public servant will be at his post of duty, in his working clothes, reduced to a frazzle from the continued use of Washington boarding house provender, grimly battling for the right and striving for the uplift. And I may add that he will be kicking himself every minute of that fateful evening, because the fates have conspired to keep him away from the Royal

Conclave of Royal Hoosiers, the God-Blessedest people on earth.

Bestowing my blessing, while craving your sympathy, I am,

Yours always,

JOHN W. KERN.

[Great applause and cheers.]

LETTER:

Here's to our good society
The model of Propriety
In such things as Sobriety
While taking our good cheer.

But if in our Hilarity,
We're seized with inebrity
Please, please, bear us charity,
It's only twice a year.

The Hoosier is not prone to drink,
Unless perchance he hap's to think
A friend would like to take a blink
Through the bottom of a glass.

But when he does gaze on the wine
And has a few friends in to dine.
Well, I should say that at that time
There's no one in his class.

CHARLES MAJOR.

[Applause.]

LETTER:

When people ask me how I account for the prevalence of the literary man in the old Hoosier state, I hark back to an experience in my boyhood when I took a pair of shoes to a shoemaker's to be mended, and, lingering to hear the animated discussion there going on, discovered that it was devoted to the question of

R. U. Johnson

the relative greatness of Caesar and Napoleon as military leaders.

The shoemaker of the town was the custodian of an Indiana township library. The influence of this library system is, to me, one of the most significant things in our popular education.

Another influence was at work at that time. It was a point of pride and honor with the lawyers of Indiana to have an intimate acquaintance with history and literature. They had literary clubs and wrote and read papers and made the love of books fashionable. It is to these two influences, the libraries and the legal profession, I think, that much of the present writing activity in Indiana may be credited.

Altogether we may feel proud of what has been accomplished and be sure that the future of the state is to be one of even richer literary accomplishment. In this faith I send my greetings to you and to all your confreres, from the grayest veteran to those who have only just had their baptism of ink.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON,
Editor of the Century Magazine.

[Applause.]

LETTER:

C. W. Fairbanks

The Indiana Society of Chicago is the greatest natural product of Hoosierdom—perhaps supernatural were the better word—for it is always doing things out of the ordinary—or rather, I should say, doing somebody.

We who remain beneath the old roof tree are greatly indebted to the Hoosier contingent in Chicago —for we have improved much since they left us, and

there are optimists who believe we are to continue the improvement the longer they stay away. This may shock the vanity of those who indulged the belief that our ships of state would strike the reefs when they walked the gangplank. There is, of course, nothing occult in the word "Gang" as used in this connection.

C. W. Fairbanks

I propose the Toast: The Good old State of Indiana—The best if not the greatest in the Union, and the Indiana Society of Chicago—the pride of all Hoosierdom—the greatest if not the best of its kind in America.

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS.

[Great applause and prolonged cheering.]

LETTER:

J. G. Cannon

On my return from Panama I have your favor of November 24th and also an invitation to attend the seventh annual banquet of the Indiana Society of Chicago. I was born in North Carolina, but spent my boyhood and early manhood on the Wabash, and, therefore, I should not feel out of place in the company of the distinguished literary gentlemen, politicians, and others who will grace the board and who are lucky enough to be sons of the Hoosier State.

In the days of my youth spent on the Wabash it is unnecessary for me to say that I received some hard knocks, principally about the shins. Since then I have continued from time to time to receive "Hard Knocks" in various other portions of my anatomy, but, thanks to my early Indiana training and experience, I have been able to endure them with considerable equanimity.

J. G. Cannon

We can not of course expect all babies to be reared on Indiana soil, but we can, by the aid of such societies as yours, extend the Indiana spirit and thus benefit the race.

I congratulate the Indiana Society of Chicago and feel assured that the traditions of the state will be well maintained at its banquet.

JOSEPH G. CANNON.

[Applause.]

LETTER:

Admiral Brown

I have never lost sight of the fact that I am a Hoosier bred and born and my sixty-two years in the Navy has not lessened my love for our good old state. I would love to be with you but my physical condition will not permit my leaving home. Then I am afraid of Chicago. When I commanded the old Michigan (now the Wolverine) I had several prominent Chicagoans as my guests for a Sunday morning breakfast at which George Francis Train was the honored guest. During the feeding Train took up a menue and wrote on it the following verse, which I know has never gotten farther than my breakfast:

If you have never been drunk in your life
  And never to the bar go,
Or have not run away with another man's wife,
  You won't do to live in Chicago.

GEORGE BROWN,
Retired Rear Admiral.
Indianapolis, Indiana.

[Applause.]

TELEGRAM:

My best wishes are with you all. Circumstances

over which I have no control make it impossible for me to feast and foregather with you on that night of all nights, but my heart is with you. Eat, drink and be merry, gentlemen, for tomorrow you may be in New York.

G. B. McCutcheon

George Barr McCutcheon.

[Applause.]

Letter:

Ed. Howe

Although born in Indiana, I have never been distinguished except that I once caused an Englishman to laugh at an American joke. This was the story:

When I was a little boy, living in a little village in Indiana, there was a swimming hole I often visited with the other boys. One day we missed Tom Jackson and we knew he had been drowned. Then we began diving for him, and soon dragged him out, and laid him on his belly, with his heels up-hill. Someone shouted "Get a doctor." And as Tom was a particular friend of mine, I started for town as fast as my legs would carry me. Fortunately I found the doctor in, and we hurried back to the swimming hole. There we found a lot of women. The doctor rolled Tom around and stood him on his head, and slapped him and finally had him crying, when I knew Tom had been saved. I was very proud of my part in the performance, as I had made a run up town and back that I believed would long be referred to as the record. But while thus pleasantly thinking of a future of fame, a woman said to me:

"Why, Ed, look at you!"

And then I realized that at that moment and dur-

Ed. Howe

ing my run up town and back, I was as naked as the day I was born.

The people laughed at me so much because of the incident that I was compelled to leave town and am not now identified with Indiana.

ED. W. HOWE,
Atchison, Kansas.

[Applause.]

TELEGRAM:

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 9th, 1911.

J. L. Wilson
Scott C. Bone

Two faraway Hoosiers, loyal and longing, but ever happy, send cordial greetings to Indiana Society of Chicago and invite it to hold next annual dinner in Seattle, fairest city in all the land excepting Crawfordsville and Shelbyville.

JOHN L. WILSON,
SCOTT C. BONE.

[Applause.]

TELEGRAM:

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 9, 1911.

Richard Liebler

Ever since the annual picnic did I look forward to an opportunity to meet again the members of the Indiana Society. The opportunity came, and with it the disappointment I had obtained and almost new edition of evening clothes at one of Lew Shanks' bargain sales, when the discordant voice of Duty put a stop to my festive preparations and happy anticipations. Let me tell you a fitting story. One of my German friends on the advice of his physician took up physical exercise in the shape of hunting, armed with a shotgun of the vintage of 1810. Accompanied by his faithful but equally inexperienced Fido he set

out one day beyond the suburbs of Indianapolis in quest of game. Presently hearing a rustling in the bushes our friend took general aim and let go both barrels. When he approached his quary the dog was quite dead. This terminated the chase. Returning he met his friend Emil. "How do you do, Heinrich, I see you vas out shooting. Vat did you shoot." "Der dog." "Vas der dog mad, Heinrich?" "I dell you, Emil, he vasn't so gee dee bleased." Them's my sentiments with my heartiest wishes for a complete success, and kindest regards to those who may remember me.

Richard Liebler

Faithfully yours,

RICHARD LIEBLER.

[Applause.]

MR. ADE, when the reading of the messages was concluded, said:

The President

Gentlemen, I am glad to announce tonight that the Indiana Society of Chicago is the largest, noisiest and most belligerent seven-year-old infant ever brought up on the bottle. [Laughter and applause.]

When we founded this organization our principal anxiety was to rally a crowd. Now, our great problem is to find a room big enough to hold all of the Hoosiers and near-Hoosiers and would-be-Hoosiers who come to dine with us.

At our first round-up we met in a small room just across the street from here.

Tonight we have overflow meetings all up and down Michigan avenue. [Laughter.] At this moment there are 700 people in the Pompeian room who will come up and join us if given the slightest encourage-

The President

ment. [Laughter.] Several of our guests who had to take tables in the next block are now waiting to receive telephone messages to come up to headquarters and hear the speeches.

Why do people who a few years ago taunted us with references to Hoop-pole township and Posey county now prostrate themselves before us and resort to all sorts of trickeries and fawning deceptions in order to gain admittance to these annual feasts?

My friends, there is a reason. It is not because our dinners are better than other dinners. It is not on account of our notorious literati, because the more literary they are the less entertaining they seem to be. The only peculiar merit of the speeches delivered at our dinners is that they are few in number and any man speaking more than 45 minutes is privately asphyxiated by order of the Executive Committee. [Laughter.]

No, gentlemen, I will tell you why there is a general and insane desire to attend these dinners.

At our past gatherings, which were small and exclusive, each person found at his plate a simple card showing what victuals were to be served. Above this bill of fare was a picture—the same old picture, the seal of our beloved state. You will find it on your menu card to-night. In the background the sun is either rising or setting behind two mountains. There are no mountains in Indiana, but that fact did not seem to hamper the artist. [Laughter.] In the foreground a man is chopping down a tree, strictly in violation of advice given by the Indiana Forestry Asso-

ciation. [Laughter.] A large shaggy animal, either a buffalo or a Bull Durham, is so alarmed by this sudden outburst of physical activity in a community supposed to be immersed in speculative philosphy that it is dashing madly off in the direction of Chicago where it will find a more congenial atmosphere. [Laughter.]

As I say, each man attending received a square meal, a picture of the man chopping down the tree, and about 2,000 cubic feet of hot air. That was all.

But after a year or two some of the committees became ambitious. The simple menu card was elaborated into a folder containing views of historical spots. Next year it was a beautiful folio of scenes illustrating Indiana novels and plays.

The next committee had to go one better, so it put at each plate a combination cartoon album, song book and portrait gallery. Last year each guest received a libelous volume called "I-knew-him-when." This year the committee, in a delirious attempt to outdo all previous committees, put at each plate a box containing 12 books.

Our premium list has become so attractive [laughter] that people who haven't the slightest interest in the Indiana Society, and are bored to death when we stand up here and praise each other and try unsuccessfully to blush at our own greatness—these people come to our dinners merely to obtain our expensive souvenirs [laughter]. Fifty years hence, when all the authors represented in our Hall of Fame have passed beyond, each set of books given out here tonight will be worth at a conservative estimate $500.

The President

[Laughter.] The astute Chicago business man figures around until he gets an invitation to our dinner, comes down here, dines and wines and smokes with us epicures, gets two or three musical programs on the side, takes in our high class vaudeville, and then goes home with $500 worth of books under his arm, and credits himself with $490 profit on the deal. [Laughter.]

Any social organization which appeals to the commercial instinct is bound to be a success.

But the question arises, whither are we drifting? What will be our finish? What will the committees next year do to overshadow the stupdendous 3-ring, elevated platform and hippodrome track affair that we are pulling off here to-night? What can they do? They will have to give the dinner at the Coliseum, put a Carnegie Library at each plate and charge $35 a ticket, refusing to honor those purchased of scalpers. [Laughter.]

While our local society has been making history, other sons of Indiana have been doing press-work for the grand old state. The most sensational operatic success of this season has been Orville Harold, singing "William Tell" in London. The London public has gone wild over him, and no wonder—for his home is in Muncie, Indiana. Five years ago he was driving a delivery wagon. To-day he and John Shaffer are the most prominent figures on the operatic stage. [Laughter.]

During the world's championship ball games, the most sensational play, next to Baker's home run, was executed by a young man playing with the New York

Giants. When his team seemed hopelessly beaten he went to bat with two men out, smashed a two-bagger, cleaned the bases and brought victory to his team. This young man was Otis Crandall, from Wadena, Indiana,—near Brook. [Laughter.]

In financial circles the most startling development of the year was the meteoric showing made by the boy broker of Boston,—who sold a million dollars' worth of mining stock before being interrupted. [Laughter.] He got $25,000 from Harry Lauder, thereby establishing a world's record. [Laughter.] I am sure you will be delighted to learn that this young man was born and bred in LaFayette, Indiana, his mother conducting a boarding house just across from the Grand Opera House. [Laughter.]

In literary circles the most important event of the year was the arrival in Chicago of Dawson, '11, a young man of spotless morality and high ideals. [Laughter.] I am glad to inform you to-night that this work is really an autobiography. [Laughter.] Dawson, '11, is John McCutcheon. [Laughter.] And the wicked young man, Dawson's friend, who is always trying to drag Dawson out of the strait and narrow path and involve him in the gayeties of the city, is the man who roomed with John McCutcheon.

Wherever things are happening and men of action are in demand, there you will find the Hoosier State ably represented. In passing, I need only mention the fact that during the recent important developments in Los Angeles, the McNamara boys of Indianapolis took a very prominent part. [Laughter.]

The President

Some of the Hoosiers we have long honored by absent treatment are sitting down with us to-night. I am going to call on a few of them to arise in their places and speak to us. But before I do so and in order to make sure that a quorum is present we are going to have a roll-call of the counties. The human megaphone in the gallery will call the names of the counties. When the name of your home county is called please respond with "here" in a loud, resonant voice. Remain standing long enough to be identified and receive an ovation, and then be seated. [Laughter.] Please respond promptly.

Proceed with the roll-call.

(The roll of Indiana counties was then called, and the various responses were made.)

President Ade: Gentlemen, the Secretary reports that a quorum is present, and we will proceed to business.

A manager always dislikes coming before the curtain to announce that one of his stars cannot appear. He wanted to come and expected to come but he is mixed up in a lawsuit at Danville, Indiana, and anybody with an old-fashoined Indiana lawsuit on his hands hasn't time for anything else. When we heard that Mr. Bookwalter could not come, we were greatly depressed. Then we heard that somebody else was coming and we threw up our hats. He expected to come here and sit on the side lines, but he is one of our prize assets and we must see him and hear him. He is a real Hoosier. That gives him a ticket to come in here. He is a former resident of Tippecanoe County.

That puts him well up toward the head of the procession. He was once a student at Purdue University. That absolutely makes him a King-pin in Class "A."

The President

A few years ago he left Indiana and went up into the Soo country and began to do things and up to date no one has been able to head him off.

I am proud to be able to present to you to-night the Honorable Chase Osborn, Governor of Michigan. [Applause.]

ADDRESS.

HONORABLE CHASE OSBORN, Governor of Michigan:

Gov. Osborn

Toastmasters are often rather common, and I am going to simply address Mr. Ade and those fellow Hoosiers who are participating. Governor Marshall, Dr. Wiley and the whole darned bunch. [Laughter.] The moon is shining bright upon the Wabash, from the field there comes the scent of new mown hay, through the sycamore the candle lights are gleaming, on the banks of the Wabash far away. [Applause.]

I represent a century of Hoosiers and of Hoosierdom. My father was born a hundred years ago at Old Madison; I was born in Huntington County, and my son who has taken my name was born in St. Joe, so we are one hundred years of Hoosierdom. [Applause.]

The first serious charge, or apparently serious charge, that was made against me when I became a candidate for Governor in Michigan—and Michigan is some state, too, you know [applause]—was that I was a Hoosier, and really I found that the splendid nobility and the splendor of the Hoosiers were all un-

Gov. Osborn

known in Michigan. All I had to do was to travel from Lake Superior's farthest mines to Saginaw's tall whispering pines and tell of the history of the Hoosier. It was the only issue in the campaign [laughter and applause], and no wonder they elected me. [Applause.]

Seriously, my friends—do not worry, I am not going to make a speech to you at all—but seriously, in this time of political pyromaniacs it is a good thing to find men who love each other and respect each other and have real use for each other gathering in brotherly and in state or other fraternities like this. [Applause.] Just give to the world the spirit of Hoosierdom, the love, the brotherhood, the fine fraternity and the world won't come to any harm. [Applause.] And now you are thinking of the old home of your boyhood to-night, and your hearts have a flutter of joy, and it does not matter at all whether you are in the twilight zone between progressive alcoholism or reactionary sobriety or anything of that kind. [Laughter.] It does not make any difference, we are mighty happy. I am as happy as you are, and I just hope to God you are as happy as I am. [Applause.] I bring to you the heartfelt and the loving greetings of three million Hoosiers in Michigan—not one less than three million. [Laughter and applause.] If I am proud of anything to-night it is that I am a Hoosier, and I am trying to live up to the highest standard, the most perfect potential of the Hoosier citizenship in Michigan. [Applause.]

I am thinking to-night, my friends, of the men and

the women who have remained in Indiana, while we went away to conquer fields far away, they remained in Indiana to make the state great. Men, not blessed as you have been; men probably not equipped with the genius that you have found opportunities for using, but they have stayed at home, building and working continually that you and I might sit here to-night in fine fellowship and hurrah for Indiana. Thank God for those men and women, and I drink with you, and I drink with you in reverence, in memory to the men and the women who are back in the old state, for our hearts are with them to-night, and there never ought to be forgetfulness of those who have made it possible for us to enjoy each other, and for us to be proud we are Hoosiers. God bless them and Old Indiana. [Great applause and cheers.]

Gov. Osborn

President Ade: Gentlemen, we hope to have with us before we disperse, Strickland Gillilan. Has anyone any word from him?

Mr. Wilbur D. Nesbit:

Mr. Nesbit

Out from the west with rumble and roar,
Cometh the news that the worst is not o'er;
And the message is trembling for us to say,
That Gillilan's twenty-one miles away.

[Laughter.]

President Ade: We have in this Society many representatives of various colleges in Indiana. All of them have reason to remember an important institution of learning near South Bend, Indiana. I can spell the name of this school for you. Also, I can pronounce it in three different ways. The president of that great

The President

The President

institution is here to-night. The fact that other college men of Indiana have united in an invitation to him proves our forgiving disposition. [Laughter.] Very often in the past our athletic teams have met teams representing this great institution. In nearly every instance our honored guest who sits smiling before you this evening has taken a low-down advantage of us. He has resorted to methods which made it very difficult for our boys to carry out the instructions given to them by the coaches. I'll tell you what he has done. In nearly every instance he has put a lot of Irish on the team against us. [Laughter.]

There is nothing that so interferes with the arrangements of a football or baseball team as to find themselves up against several Irishmen who have become enamored of the idea that they want to win the game. [Laughter.]

The fact that we forgive him for what he has done to us proves that we respect him as an official of the Church and love him as a man.

The Reverend John Cavanaugh, President of Notre Dame, has consented to speak to us regarding "The Indiana Home." [Applause.]

ADDRESS—"THE INDIANA HOME."

Dr. Cavanaugh

REVEREND JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C., D. D., President of the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana:

Gentlemen, after the introduction that Mr. Ade has given, I can only commend to him the advice of a brilliant old campaigner in our state who was sending his boy from one of the northern towns to the legisla-

ture; Polonius-like, he gave him many parting admonitions, but this is the one that I remember best: "Bate them, Jimmy, bate them if you can, and if you can't bate them, jine them." [Laughter.]

Dr. Cavanaugh

When Mr. Ade honored me with an invitation to come to you this evening, he wrote between the lines a little trepidation lest I should deduce something ecclesiastical [laughter], such as taking up a collection [laughter], or what would be still more damaging to the spirit of the occasion, making an ecclesiastical talk.

From one point of view I have no right to talk about the Indiana home. I am a man with a past. I was born in Ohio. [Laughter.] I attained my sixteenth year before I arrived at the age of discretion and became an adopted Hoosier.

As a matter of fact they are the best kind, for while men like Dr. Wiley are Hoosiers by the accident of birth, Wilbur Nesbit and myself are Hoosiers by deliberate choice. Wilbur moved into Indiana because he wanted to "let on" that he was a "litry-guy" and I because I couldn't help it. [Laughter.]

I had long cherished a secret hope that I might be born in Indiana, but I also had always wanted some kind of a big job when I grew up and so I just had to be born in Ohio.

You see my reminiscences go back to a very early age. I remember once I was traveling to Chicago on the evening of March 16th. [Laughter.] I had left my happy home to deliver a tumultuous address to a lot of enthusiastic Irishmen in Chicago. I had arrived in town and had taken the Metropolitan "L" to

Dr. Cavanaugh

go over to the west side. It was a cold night and I crouched into the genial depths of my ulster pretty much as a turtle retreats into a shell.

There was not a soul in that long elevated car until at some station along the way an elderly gentleman entered, and I knew him at once for an abandoned clergyman. He had been Oslerized—you knew it by the way his hair was cut straight round the back of his neck. Every seat in that car was vacant except the one I was occupying, yet the venerable man stood a long time debating, uncertain with himself what seat he should take until the car decided the matter for him. It made a sudden lurch round a corner and the old gentleman lost his equilibrium and fell adroitly into the seat beside me. While still in the act of falling he pierced me with his glittering eye and said, "Are you acquainted with the Appleton Encyclopedia and Dictionary of Universal Knowledge?" I gave one startled glance full of trepidation and then I said: "Yes, I wrote that work." [Laughter.] And I crept back to the gloom of my cave. It was his turn to look startled and almost respectful. Then observing my peculiar style of collar he said, "Clergyman?" And I made a clean breast of it, I said, "Yes." "Episcopalian, probably?" I shook my head. "Not a Catholic," said he, to which I replied, "Yea, even so." "Why," said the gaunt man, "We generally associate Roman Catholics with the Irish." [Laughter.]

Now, observe, gentlemen, that this was the eve of St. Patrick's day and I had been wakened out of a reverie distinctly Hibernian. [Laughter.] I was won-

dering what I should say to the enthusiastic Irishmen the next day, and I fear there was a note of aggression in my voice as I said, "I'm Irish." It reminds me of a picture I once saw. It represented an honest German seated at a piano. To him approached an Irishman holding a stout shillalah concealed behind his back and caressingly insinuated, "Play me up the battle of the Boyne until you see how I take it." [Laughter.] So I fear there was not enough gentleness in my voice as I avowed my Irish ancestry. "Ain't it funny," he said, "how the Irish after a generation come to look like Americans." [Laughter.] That surely was the battle of the Boyne. "Are you an American," said I, and he answered, "Aye." Then I said to him, "Do you know what is my earliest recollection? It was three weeks before I was born, crying for fear I'd look like you." [Laughter.]

Speaking of being born reminds me of a good old Hoosier who told how he missed being born in Indiana. His mother had a favorite sister who had married a man from Illinois, and she had been doing time in that state for a good many years. This man went on to tell how his mother got lonesome to see her sister and went for a good long visit to her. During the course of that visit my old friend was born. "And that's how it came," he said, "that I wasn't born a Hoosier. I was born in the absence of my mother." [Laughter.]

Some men like Dr. Wiley don't have to be born in Ohio. Ever since I have known of his brilliant work for pure food I have wanted to see him in the Cabinet

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as Secretary of the Interior. Wiley has made one big failure in life. He has made a failure of his successor. No man can step into his shoes with any hope of succeeding. One of the first conditions of success is to choose your predecessor wisely.

Mr. Bryan is big enough and good natured enough to relish a story on himself, and I once told him that incident of the two Hibernian statesmen who were discussing high politics over their dinnerpails after Mr. Bryan's third defeat. You know an Irishman doesn't like to follow a losing cause always, particularly in politics. Mr. Murphy had followed Bryan in the first campaign enthusiastically, in the second campaign, doggedly, in the third campaign despairingly; and now it was the morning after and he was making an inventory of his emotions. Gloomily he lifted the lid off his dinnerpail and then he said, "Casey, Bryan is not the man he used to be." "No," said Casey, "no, and begorrah he never was." [Laughter.]

The greatness of the Indiana home is a theme that furnishes its own inspiration, and let me say here that there are a lot of otherwise respectable states that are shining in the reflected light of Indiana. There are men, for example, who sing about "My Old Kentucky Home"; but everybody knows that Indiana sunshine is better than Kentucky moonshine. Mr. Fairbanks knows it. And the blue grass for which Kentucky is famous was really appropriated from Indiana. It is a matter of sober history that when the Kentucky soldries came up to help to fight the Indians at the battle of Tippecanoe they noticed that their horses turned

away even from the seductive corn to eat the sweet and succulent blue grass they found growing abundantly in Indiana. Gathering up the seed they transported it with them into Kentucky where it flourished on the limestone soil and gave that state its other title to greatness. [Laughter.] Envious Illinois borrows our authors and cartoonists and then sets itself up as the original alma mater of Arts and Letters. Canada welcomes our bank cashiers and you notice how Canada is sprucing up. [Laughter.] And Ohio threatens to borrow even our book titles, for I hear that they are going to publish a history of the Ohio Legislature under the title of "The House of a Thousand Scandals." [Laughter.]

The District of Columbia borrows our eloquence and our honesty as well as our chemistry; but lest there should be any misunderstanding about the matter I hasten to add that we have still in Indiana a number of highminded, self-sacrificing statesmen who are willing to immolate themselves on the altar of patriotism and to serve their people to the bitter end as Governors or even as President, and for my part I hope a grateful country will appreciate the patriotism and accept the sacrifice. [Laughter.]

Another proof of Indiana's greatness is the increase in population. The total population of Indiana has grown in a hundred years from about six thousand to two and a half millions.

Next Monday will be Indiana's ninety-fifth birthday as a state, and there will be four hundred times as many Hoosiers to celebrate it as there were to celebrate the first. It isn't true that

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we have more bachelors than other states. It only seems so because our bachelors are such brilliant men. They are not a bit like the young man described by the maiden lady who gave her reason for remaining unmarried. "Why," she said, "I have a monkey that chews, a parrot that swears and an old stove that smokes, and I always feel as if I had a man around the house." [Laughter.]

As for education the venerable Ex-President Angell of the University of Michigan once told me that when he first came to the middle west a half century ago, the school system of Indiana was the poorest ever exhibited on any stage, and in fact the records show that we were the one elemental laugh, the one original good joke in the sisterhood of states. A hundred years ago there wasn't a free school in Indiana. Even fifty years ago when a law was passed to the effect that each school district should have at least one school where classes were taught three months in the year, the law was regarded as radical and exacting, and even those three months of schooling were not compulsory. Now, as Mr. Moore points out, attendance is compulsory in every school for at least six months, and if a child lives beyond convenient walking distance from a good school the state conveys him there and back every day free of charge. As for higher education it is freely admitted by the college presidents of Indiana that our state easily leads all others in the quality of her higher schools.

But in Indiana war hath her victories not less renowned than those of peace. In 1860 when the passion of the hour flung the great Civil War athwart the im-

agination of men and the tears of women, the Indiana boy turned over his blue overalls to his younger brother and put on the blue of the soldier, or he unhitched Dobbin from the plow and rode away to a cavalryman. Not without many a backward glance from misty eyes, and not without reluctance did he break away from the embrace of mother and sisters and sweetheart and home, yet went he forth courageously, for he knew that that way lay duty and honor. The Hoosiers were a pastoral people in that day. Practically all were farmers, and a farmer never goes out to fight for the fun of it. There were few among them who would say with the old veteran with the scolding wife that he went to the war that he might have peace. Our great war Governor, Oliver P. Morton, sent an electric current into the body of the people in a famous address at Indianapolis: "Shall we now surrender the nation without a struggle and let the Union go with merely a few hard words? If it was worth the bloody struggle to establish this nation, it was worth one to preserve it." The effect was magical. Not to the people of Indiana could a favorite son and a distinguished general address the reproach that Sherman flung at the people of his own state. The old general had just returned triumphantly from the war and he came on to Notre Dame where his son was a student to deliver the Commencement address. The exercises were ended and Sherman started on the return journey to New York.

The people of Toledo, Ohio, saw an opportunity of honoring the great commander who had shed lustre on their state and they organized an enthusiastic

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demonstration at the depot. When the telegram telling the preparations and requesting a speech was handed to the grim old warrior he uttered a profane refusal. As they neared Toledo a brilliantly millinered committee of best citizens entered the car and informed him of the glory that awaited him. Sherman could hardly be polite. He felt that Ohio had not contributed her quota of soldiers to the war, and he said bitter things which I believe statistics do not verify. At any rate when he arrived at the depot in Toledo there indeed was the platform newly erected and there was a vast multitude of acclaiming fellow citizens. When the band had finished playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," they almost dragged the old general to the rear platform of the car where he made one of the shortest speeches on record. Scowling over the thousands of men, women and children who were cleaving the sky with their shouts, Sherman said, "Where in hell were all you people during the war." [Laughter.]

Let us lay the flattering unction to our soul that no lord of war could deny that Indiana has produced her fighting men as well as her writing men.

When Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers Governor Morton answered with a promise of ten thousand men from Indiana or nearly one-seventh of the whole, and within ten days twelve thousand men had gathered into the camps scattered over the state. This was one-sixth of the total number required and nearly three times the quota rightly due from Indiana.

In the arts of peace we have the same pre-eminence. In extent of territory we rank thirty-fifth

among the states, and yet we vindicate our title to the name of Hoosiers by ranking first in the manufacture of vehicles and farm implements. South Bend alone produces more wagons and better ones than all the rest of the country. Indiana ranks fourth among the states in the production of wheat, sixth in the production of corn, sixth in the production of oats, and seventh in the production of hay.

But everybody knows that Indiana's best crop is sunsets and poets, for wherever her sons foregather as they do here to-night, the envious Bostonian or New Yorker could not shy a bun into the audience without striking the author of seven volumes. [Laughter.]

No Indiana home is complete without a little gossip about the neighbors. The state was originally settled by the French, and the old French settlements still contribute whatever melodramatic or romantic atmosphere the state furnishes to her poets and novelists. Then came an old American emigration from the east and later from the south. These sturdy pioneers furnished the odd characters that have been immortalized by the Indiana school of writers. Hither came the canny, cautious Scotchman. I remember my Scotchman well. His name was Sandy Macauley, and his fondness for a bit of good liquor was almost a gift. As his good wife put it to me, "Sandy was very drouthy and often that." But Sandy brought his contribution of thrift and staidness as well as his other gift. When Sandy got older we children used to hear the old people whispering sympathetically about his health and how he was going fast with consumption. One frosty morning the small boy whose heart was

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kindled with compassion by what his sharp ears had heard, but whose idea of the etiquette of the sick room was somewhat uncertain, met Sandy as he trudged down the hill past the cemetery. Sandy was barking to beat the bugs. "Oh, Sandy, man," said the boy, "that's a bad cough you have." "Bad cough," says Sandy, "hoot man," pointing to the graveyard, "there's them lying over there would be glad of it." [Laughter.]

There's the sturdy German who when asked by a fellow countryman, "Is your fader living yet," replied, "No, not yet." [Laughter.] There's the Pole with his big family,—God bless them—reminding us of that long-suffering parent who solved the riddle proposed by the suffragette. She was trying to show that the valiant woman is indeed above money and above price. Medusa-like she faced the audience with an eye of fire and said, "Who is happier, the man with seven millions or the man with seven daughters?" And a patient man arose in an eloquent flash of silence and said, "The man with the seven daughters, for the man with seven millions wants more and the man with seven daughters doesn't." [Laughter.]

There is the Swede, the men, Vikings of power and energy; the women, gentle, patient, and with a wonderful faculty of unconscious humor. You have heard of that sympathetic soul who entered into the sorrows of the family in such a beautiful way. She had noticed that the son and heir whom she had never seen before, had appeared for a short time around the holidays. She observed that he disappeared shortly after and that his mother wore a look of sadness,

and so she said: "I see your boy come a while home and now he ban gone again. Is it something wrong?" To which the proud mother replied, "Oh, Charley has been in Yale for the past four months and now he's gone to Yale again." Shadows lurked within the eyes of the sympathetic maid servant as she answered, "Ah, yes, I know. I have a brother ban in yail several times, too." [Laughter.] It must have been the same faithful Swede who when the winter was coldest and the furnace was not working right was admonished by her mistress to take an iron to bed with her to warm it. In the morning the kindly woman asked Lena how it worked. "Pritty gude," she said, "I had it almost worm by morning." [Laughter.]

And there is the English neighbor who, unlike the Scotchman, does not take his pleasure sadly, but does contrive a rare and exquisite melancholy into his humor. This story belongs to Tom Daly, the best fellow in the world. He is a humorist and a poet, and he would have reached real greatness if he could have lived awhile in Indiana. The picture is of two Englishmen, a cocky little fellow looking up to a big bruiser who shakes his fist in the little fellow's face and says, "Did you tell Brown that I was a dam rascal?" "No, I thought he knew it." [Laughter.]

And of course there is the Irish neighbor whose stories are always good, but I fear always old for the same reason that Shakespeare is so full of quotations. [Laughter.] I have been asked to repeat a serious narrative which I believe I imported some years ago from the Pacific Coast.

An Irishman who after a comfortable dinner was

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walking jauntily down the street smoking his dudeen, when suddenly he was conscious of a severe pain in what he called his stomach. Anything below the chin is the stomach. [Laughter.] The pain became so intense that the poor man presently fell unconscious on the pavement and he was whisked away, still unconscious, to the hospital, where the surgeons looked him over and declared it was an emergency case of appendicitis, and said that unless the operation was performed immediately the Irishman would surely die. And so it happened that there was not a conscious moment between the time when the Irishman was walking down the street singing hallelujahs in his heart, and the moment when he awoke in the hospital after the operation, his stomach sick and his eyes searching the room in the dim, groping way of a man emerging from the ether. Presently he was aware of a figure standing beside his pillow. "Where am I?" asked the Irishman, and the nurse answered, "In the hospital, sir." "Phwat brought me here?" And then the nurse began in gentle words to assuage his curiosity. She told him that he had been suddenly stricken with appendicitis and the doctors to save his life had performed an operation and removed the appendix. "Appendix," said the Irishman, "Phwat's that?" "Why, you know," said the nurse, and then despairing of making the matter plain to the simple mind of the patient she jerked her thumb over her shoulder to the mantlepiece where the surgeons with their usual forethought had placed the appendix in a little vial for the Irishman to see as soon as he should have the stomach to look at it. And she said, "There is

your appendix." But it was not the little vial that the Irishman saw with his poor sick eyes, for at that moment the pet monkey of the hospital that had been disporting itself through the corridors, jumped up upon the mantlepiece of the Irishman's room and was busy making bacteriological explorations upon its person. Now the Irishman had just been assured by the trustworthy and veracious nurse that this strange object had been removed from him, besides, he had recently seen a copy of Puck and he fancied he discovered a family resemblance. [Laughter.] He threw one haggard glance over his shoulder at the sportive monkey and uttered a groan. "Me dear," said he, "I don't know whether you are a bye or a girl, but I'll tell you wan thing, your mother is a very sick man." [Laughter.]

There is very little superstition in the Indiana home. Mark Twain in a paroxysm of frankness showed that superstition might possess even the minds of the great. Mark once said he believed it was unlucky to sleep thirteen in a bed. Personally, I think it is unlucky to stand behind a live mule.

There is no fanaticism in the Indiana home. Carrie Nation, Carrie Chapman Catt, and Chancellor Day come from other states than Indiana. It is true we have the prohibition agitator who believes that men may be made moral by act of Congress, and so the new geology shows Indiana as a State made up of wet spots and dry spots. [Laughter.] I remember one Saturday evening traveling between Logansport and Kokomo on Sam Murdock's trolley line. I was to talk Sunday morning in Kokomo which is located

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in the desert stretches of the state while Logansport is an oasis. [Laughter.] The car was crowded Saturday night and as I center-rushed my way forward I noticed that all of the men carried suitcases and all were bound from Logansport, which is wet, to Kokomo, which is dry. Here, said I sympathetically, is the man from home. Here are a lot of honest plasterers and lathers returning from their week's work with their tools in their suitcases. Suddenly I found the men were studying me as attentively, but not as charitably, as I had looked on them, and one big fellow, sweeping me from head to foot in a comprehensive glance, paralyzed me by patting my suitcase affectionately on the side and saying: "Well, old man, I see you've got the goods." [Laughter.]

During the prohibition agitation an incident happened down there which, if it didn't influence any votes, at least contributed to the mirth of the campaign. A curbstone orator was descanting on the superior merits of water as a thirst killer and he sought to make use of the parable of the rich man who went to his own place and Lazarus who was gathered into Abraham's bosom. He told how the rich man was tormented in the fire and how over the yawning chasm of flame he called out to Lazarus to bring him one drop to allay his thirst. "Did he ask for wine? No." Asked the orator, "Did he ask for whisky? Emphatically not. He asked for a drop of God's pure, sparkling water. What does that prove?" he demanded. Out along the fringes of the crowd was a half drunken poor devil who had partaken not wisely but too well, yet who was intoxicated only from his

waist down. His locomotion was a little eccentric, but his mind and his voice were clear. When the orator asked, "What does that prove?" He answered: "It proves where all you temperance fellows go to when you die. [Laughter.]

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There is no bigotry in Indiana. No pulpit thunders against pulpit down there, no creed screeches maledictions against a rival creed. The genial sunshine makes pessimism and persecution impossible and we have the broad prairies on which to stretch our minds and to keep us from hating one another for the love of God. I don't mean that the line between creed and creed has been wiped away altogether. Doubtless there are many in every sect like Cornelius Hagerty, the contractor. They were building a new church and the funds had not come in as fast as had been expected and the priest thought he would simplify matters by appointing a sum of money which he thought proportionate to each man's wealth, and so he taxed Con Hagerty one thousand dollars. Con had begun to feel the religious indifference that sometimes goes with success and when he heard that he had been mulcted a thousand dollars he was frantic. "I'll never pay it," he exclaimed, "I'll become a Presbyterian and go to Hell first." [Laughter.]

The Indiana Home! Ah, what a difference between a house and a home. Picture to yourself the Czar of Russia tossing feverishly between the silken sheets vainly courting the sleep that will not come to him in his turreted castle, though it creeps softly into the cottage of the lowliest of his subjects. Note the look of

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suspicion on those who wait upon him; see how ambition hopes for his death, and how even those whom he has most befriended have not an honest tear to shed upon his coffin, and realize that it is not position or power that makes a home. See the gilded plutocrat who returns in the evening to his palatial mansion which are and architecture have garnished and which wealth has filled with all the apparatus of comfort but where domestic love is wanting and where no device and no ingenuity can banish the wariness that husband and wife and children feel in each other's company, and realize that money never made a home. One afternoon last week before the lamps were lit I passed by a simple cottage in the unfashionable part of South Bend, and I could not help observing the simplicity and poverty of all the details within and about that little cottage. A few hours later I was returning and from the street I saw the little house lit up and glorified. I heard the hearty laugh of the father as he turned from his newspaper to speak to his loyal, patient wife, her face wreathed in happiness as she sewed upon a little garment. I heard the ecstatic shouts of children as they played with blocks and toys and the dog of the cartoons, and I went away penitent and humbled, for within a few hours I had seen the difference between a house and a home; a house which whether great or small is nothing, a home which is an abode where under a roof or perhaps in a little hut under the shadow of a vine a good man lives in the love of a good woman with little ones as the pledge that the love will never perish.

The old home, without the training at our moth-

ers' knee, of what avail would be all the knowledge of the schools and all the ritual and exhortation of the church. It is the nursery of manhood; the cradle of virtue; the temple of truth; and the shrine of love. Into whatsoever faroff country fate beckons us in after years we carry with us always the memories of the old Indiana home. As no man ever drinks of the fount of Treveri without feeling ever after a thirst to return and drink of it again, so whenever we can we return to the old home to refresh ourselves in its peace and strengthen ourselves in its love. There is no sight to mortal eye so sad as when we first observe the dim, vague look at once more searching and less seeing, coming into mother's eyes or when we see dad's hand tremble as he lifts his cup of coffee at dinner. And when at last they go away forever, the floodgates of memory are lifted in the bitterness of that hour and the liberated waters of youth rush over us again, and after the storm comes a great peace and sweet remembrance for the holy dead are ours forever more. [Applause.]

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President Ade: We are glad that we are what we claim to be. We have a right to use the label. We are willing to be searched for benzoate of soda. Anyone who analyzed this assemblage tonight would find a good many ingredients, but not any benzoate of soda. The Indiana Society is absolutely pure—that is, chemically. For that reason we do not tremble at the approach of the next speaker.

The President

If I knew how to get off pyrotechnics, this would be a good chance. Nowhere, except in a dime novel, did I ever read of a hero going into an ambush with

The President

the odds so against him and coming out with so many scalps; and I want to say that this invitation was sent to him before he emerged from the ambush. We were with him no matter who got scalped.

Gentlemen, the next speaker is, next to James Whitcomb Riley, the most genuine, unaffected, homespun Hoosier now doing business. He was reared on a farm, he worked his way through college, he cooked his own meals, he taught country schools, he became a college professor, he studied abroad, he became a government chemist and today he is thoroughly distrusted by every highbinder who is trying to feed us something that will put us out of business. [Laughter.]

We have hoped for a long time that he would come and see us. Now he is here, and if he thinks we are not glad to have him here it is up to us to convince him. He is going to say something about "Below the Genius Belt."

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Gentlemen, this is the man, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. [Applause.]

ADDRESS.

"Below the Genius Belt," DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture:

Mr. Toastmaster; Governor Marshall; Governor Osborn; Governor Durbin, and any other governors that happen to be present here to-night with us:

Only a few years ago the family physician was the encyclopedia of all medical knowledge. He not only pulled teeth, but also in addition to this treated hydrophobia, epilepsy, tuberculosis and bonebreak fever. He was also a surgeon and could

amputate a toe, remove an appendix or trepan a skull. But how different is the case at the present time. Everything in medicine is specialized and a specialist looks with contempt upon ever branch of medicine except the narrow section which is his alone. Lately a distinguished man who was suffering from pains in the small of the back was advised to see a specialist whose field of operation was the spinal cord. At much trouble and expense he finally found himself in the presence of this wise and skilled physician. He began to relate his symptoms, describing the pains in the lumbar region, when suddenly he was stopped with this remark: "I am sorry, sir, but I can do nothing for you." "But," said the would-be patient, "you were recommended to me as a specialist for diseases of the spinal cord." "True," replied the physician, "so I am, and I hope an excellent one. But my part of the cord does not extend below the cerebral vertebrae." [Laughter.] So it was with the orator of a quarter of a century ago. He could rise in his place and speak to the theme of Indiana with unction and with eloquence. But this is no longer the case. I am one of the specialists on Indiana-itis. But my part of the disease is confined to the southern portion of the state, in other words, to the lumbar region and not the cervical part. In fact, I am inclined to believe that those who live in the central and northern parts of the state can not justly claim the title "Hoosier." [Laughter.] This should be reserved solely for the lumbar region. The true Hoosier did not come into the state with the French who first established a settlement in the borders of Indiana bringing with them the French

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love of liberty and the French character of mind, that *esprit* which has done so much to magnify the glories of our literature. Nor did the Hoosier come into Indiana from the Western Reserve with that migratory element of the Puritan and the Pilgrim which poured out in a great stream from New England first into Pennsylvania and then into northern Ohio and then into northern and central Indiana. The Pilgrims brought, it is true, though somewhat diluted, his love of liberty for himself and his determination to exterminate the red man from the face of the earth. He was of that race which, when it first landed on the shores of America, fell first upon its knees and next upon its Aborigines. [Laughter.] Mingled with this somewhat diluted strain was the strain of Puritanism, in fact the two were practically lost in one; that Puritanism which sought a stern and rockbound coast for the sake of securing religious liberty for itself and denying it to everybody else. In praising the Almighty for their freedom to Worship God they did not forget to persecute the Quakers, to lambast the Baptists and to hang the witches. They endured all the vicissitudes of a strange country and practiced all the aceticism of the church, trying, if possible, to win heaven after death by establishing hell while on earth. These were sons of those who have been praised for their fortitude, their patience and their persistence under adversities of soil and climate, meriting the praise of Choate, who, while giving them the full benefit of his eloquence for their virtues, claimed for the wives the greater praise because he said they not only had to

endure all the hardships which the Puritan fathers endured but they also in addition to this had to endure the Puritan fathers. [Laughter.] Such was the stream which poured into northern and central Indiana and gradually met that other stream of true Hoosier quality which had poured into Indiana across the Ohio river. [Applause.] The truest Hoosier was the emigrant from Southwestern Virginia, from western North Carolina, from eastern Tennessee and eastern Kentucky. This last wave in its approach stopped for awhile in Kentucky, then passed on and overwhelmed and engulfed the lumbar region of Indiana. [Laughter.] Typical of this stream was Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, with their son Abraham, who came with the rest of the flood and bided for a time, only to move further west and north. These were the true Hoosiers free of all the virtues of education, many of them knowing not even how to read or write, but lithe of limb, strong of body, keen of sight, honest of heart and endowed with a power of observation and penetration which was little short of marvelous. They it is who brought the Hoosier dialect so-called into the State and who with keen and incisive words and biting sarcasm and wit in their homely way observed and treated all the subjects which came up for their consideration. It was one of these who in the fertile imagination of Edward Eggleston formulated the fundamental principle of Wall street finance as it exists today in the terse but comprehensive expression "Them thet hez gits." [Laughter.] Not only did they thus see into the intricacies of finance but with equal sight and vision understood political and social problems in which they

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lived. These were the fathers and mothers, the grandfathers nd grandmothers of that great army of statesmen, philosophers, poets and authors who had their being or received their inspiration in southern Indiana, chief among them the great preserver of his country and the idol of the whole nation, Abraham Lincoln, who lived his boyhood years in that environment and received from it that inspiration and character which with his native genius made his career possible. Contemporaneous with or coming soon before or after him were an army of great men and great women to whom the fame and prosperity of Indiana are due. [Applause.]

I can mention only a few well known characters, among them Robert Owen and his distinguished sons, one of them the father of Indiana geology, all of them philosophers and teachers, who found their fitting environment in New Harmony, where their genius continued to grow after their system of living which they endeavored to establish had passed away. It was they who trained E. T. Cox and R. T. Brown, successors of Owen in the great geological development of the state. Others of equal prominence Below the Genius Belt were Barnard, the sculptor; Wm. Merritt Chase, the artist; Patrick Henry Jameson, physician; William McKee Dunn, soldier and statesman; John Hay, Secretary of State and poet; Walter Quinton Gresham, Secretary of Treasury; Thomas Andrews Hendricks, Vice-President and Governor; Ashbel Parsons Willard, eleventh Governor of Indiana; John M. Coulter, botanist; Amos W. Butler, scientist and humanitarian; Charles L. Holstein, lawyer, poet,

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County, Indiana; Gavin Payne, of Jefferson County, John James Piatt of Jefferson County, a favorite of Géo. D. Prentiss and W. D. Howells; Dr. John Newton Taylor of Lexington, Ind., almost as famous as an author as he is as a physician; Forceythe Willson, probably the most gifted of any of the poets of Indiana, whose one poem alone "The Old Sergeant," renders him immortal; Edward Eggleston, famous dialectician and novelist; William H. English, farmer, lawyer, and statesman. Brookville has contributed a remarkable group of men, viz.: Amos Butler, James B. Eads, Noah Noble, David Wallace, Abraham A. Hammond, John P. St. John, General Lew Wallace, Maurice Thompson. [Applause.]

What were the causes which have produced Indiana's greatness? It is not merely an incident nor yet an accident, but I think it rests upon a strictly scientific basis. It may be that the geological phenomena have had something to do with it, because southern Indiana shows a curious geological structure. Not only did it receive the final contribution of the glacial age, thus laying tribute on all lands to the north, but it also has its sub-stratus, that wonderful limestone formation which needed only the addition of the glacial drift to make it a fit place on which to grow giants, intellectual and physical.

Statistics show that Indiana's soldiers were the largest of those contributed to the Civil War from any of the states and that the combined soldiery of the North and South were the largest of the world. In this case, therefore, in mere physical size Indiana holds hegemony. But physical size also implies mental size, not

always individually but always as a whole. So there was builded in the original Hoosier that foundation of body and mind which has made the Hoosier as a whole the most remarkable, the most progressive and the most successful of all American citizens. [Applause.]

Dr. Wiley

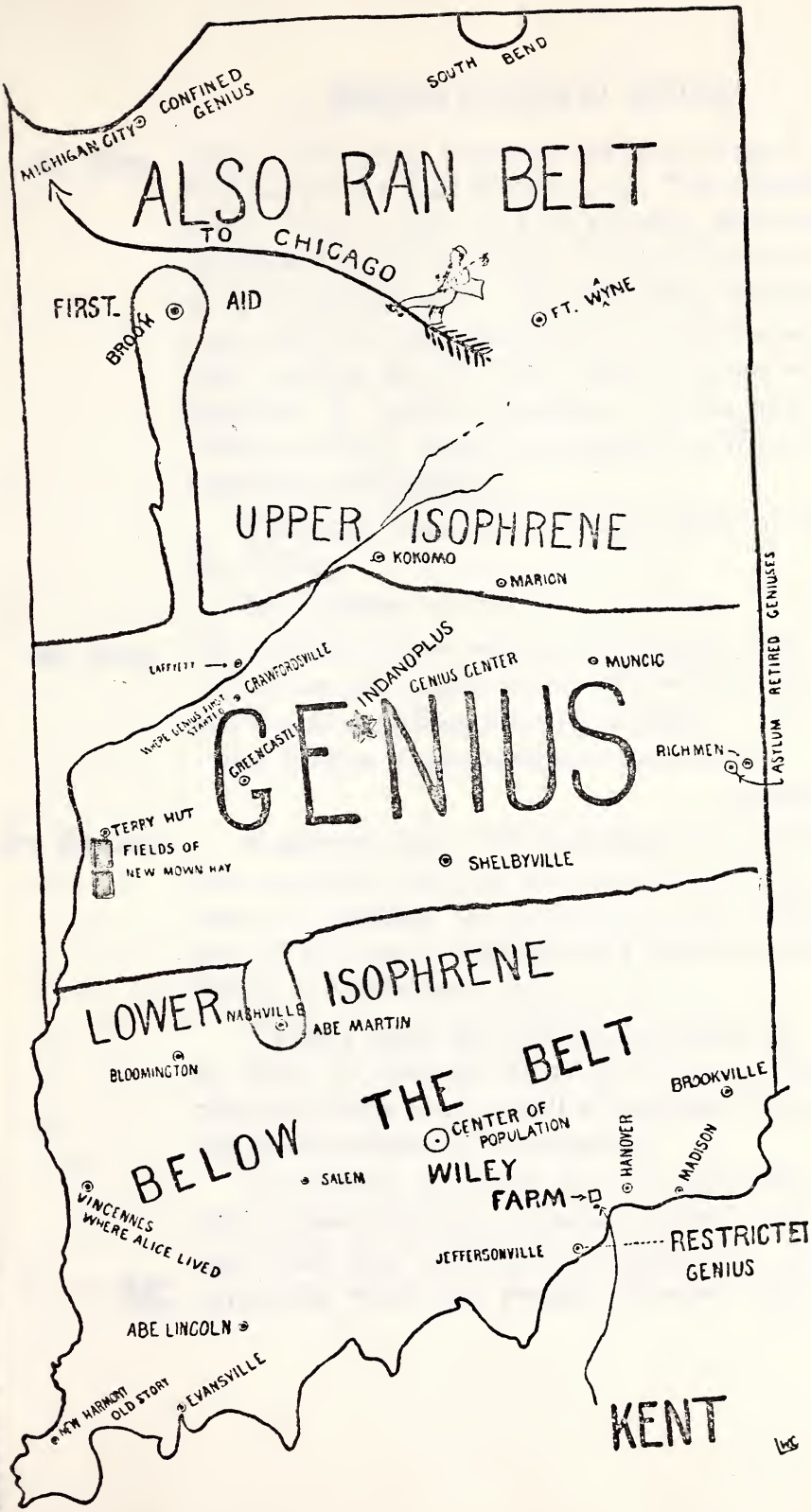
Many maps have been made of Indiana, superficial, geographical and geodetic, but the cartographer has not appeared until tonight to draw a mental map of the state. This can be done only when based on scientific data treated in a perfectly mathematical manner and the data which have been used in making the map which I am about to show you are these scientific data to which the eternal principles of the fourth dimension in mathematics have been strictly applied. It could not be expected that the stream of the French explorer, mingling with the streams of the Puritan and the Pilgrim could be much more than they were in other places such as Canada and Massachusetts and New England and northern Ohio, and had these been all the elements of which the Hoosier population had been composed we would not have been any more eminent citizens of the states than others whom I have just mentioned. On the other hand it is not possible that the mountaineers of Kentucky and Tennessee and the poor whites that poured over the blue grass region of Kentucky and Indiana could have become the leading influence of American evolution. They indeed had the strength of body, the clearness of intellect and the keen wit of humor developed to a degree which never has been known among other nations, but they lacked that refinement, that power of the higher education which alone can not make genius, but when mixed

Dr. Wiley

with the stronger element and grafted onto the vigorous tree can bear the fruit of true genius.

Thus it was that when this sturdy Hoosier race with its fundamental principles of greatness spread towards the center of the state and met that other lighter race and mingled the more fugitive race with that rugged basic element and yet crowned with a certain culture there would be a mingling and there was a mingling which could not fail to produce the greatest and most beautiful flowers that the soil of genius has ever yet borne. Therefore Indiana, like Gaul, is divided into three parts and I the Caesar of this cartography now introduce you to the three belts of the great Hoosier state. [Laughter.]

(The map representing Indiana is divided into three parts. The central parts are represented with isopycnic lines, the upper one running across from a point above Richmond irregularly through a point west of LaFayette but extending in a kind of veriform appendix so as to take in the town of Brook; the lower isopycnic line extending from a point south of Richmond across the state to a point a little northwest of Vincennes, taking a dip, however, into Brown County so as to include Abe Martin. This was called the genius belt with Indianapolis as the center of genius. The northern third of the state was called the "Also-ran belt", signifying that most of its inhabitants had gone to Chicago. The lower third of the state was called "Below the Belt" and had marked such places as New Harmony, Vincennes, Salem, New Albany, Madison, Brookville, the center of population, etc., indicating the localities where so


SOUTH BEND
CONFINED GENIUS
MICHIGAN CITY
ALSO RAN BELT
TO CHICAGO
FIRST
BROOK
AID
FT. WYNE
UPPER ISOPHRENE
KOKOMO
MARION
LAFFYETT
CRAWFORDSVILLE
INDANOPLUS
GENIUS CENTER
MUNCIE
GREENCASTLE
GENIUS
RICHMEN
ASYLUM RETIRED GENIUSES
TERRY HUT
FIELDS OF NEW MOWN HAY
SHELBYVILLE
LOWER ISOPHRENE
NASHVILLE
ABE MARTIN
BLOOMINGTON
BELOW THE BELT
CENTER OF POPULATION
BROOKVILLE
HANOVER
MADISON
SALEM
WILEY
FARM
VINCENNES WHERE ALICE LIVED
JEFFERSONVILLE
RESTRICTET GENIUS
ABE LINCOLN
NEW HARMONY
OLD STORY
EVANSVILLE
KENT

Dr. Wiley

many of the great Hoosiers had been born or where they had lived a part of their lives. The question was asked, "What might not have all these great men accomplished had it been their lot to be born and grow up in the genius belt?" The two State Prisons were represented as being inhabited by restricted and confined geniuses and the four insane asylums as being inhabited by retired geniuses. Prominently in the "Below the Belt" region was marked the Wiley Farm.) [Applause and cheers.]

President Ade: Has anyone any later news from Mr. Gillilan?

Mr. Nesbit:

Mr. Nesbit

The Downers Grove people are clapping their hands,
For they are among all the fifty-cent stands,
The engine is puffing, refusing to stay,
For Gillilan is now seventeen miles away."

[Laughter.]

The President

President Ade: Circumstances over which we have exercised more or less control have not always made it expedient or desirable for the Indiana Society of Chicago to welcome as a guest, the chief executive of our beloved state.

I hope I made that sufficiently diplomatic. I have no desire to resurrect memories of that immaculate reformer whose name is still a household word around Republican campaign headquarters.

He retired to private life by more than unanimous consent and his successor, by the mere fact of succeeding him immediately acquired an enormous popularity which was greatly increased when he ap-

pointed me a trustee of Purdue University. [Laughter.] The President

We are not supposed to talk politics in this society. However, with the disappearance of political parties and the new alignment, with those who do on one side and those who don't on the other, I hope it will not be used against me in Indiana if I report to you tonight that our guest of honor has given us new cause to be proud of our native state. Only a clairvoyant can tell what the future has in store but I may say to you, in perfect confidence, that if the plans of a powerful political organization, down in Indiana, are carried to a successful issue, we will, just one year from today, entertain as our guest of honor a man whose name I am not at liberty to mention at this time.

The Indiana Society is proud and happy to welcome our Governor. He will speak regarding "Indiana Judgment."

Gentlemen: Governor Thomas B. Marshall. [Applause.] Gov. Marshall

ADDRESS.

"Indiana Judgment." HONORABLE THOMAS B. MARSHALL, Governor of Indiana:

Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow Hoosiers: Dr. Wiley has shown you his map of Indiana, and has told you about it, but he has altogether failed to tell you that we in Northern Indiana are also good people. [Laughter and applause.]

The warmth of your greeting convinces me that I made no mistake in accepting your invitation. I had two for tonight. The other was from East Urbana, Ohio, and reads as follows:

Gov. Marshall

"Dear Governor: How much will you charge. [Laughter.] The Ancient and Amalgamated Eagles to come to East Urbana and deliver your set speech." [Laughter.]

I hope my set speech will take well here. [Laughter.] The eye is said to be the mirror of the soul, and that is not altogether poetical, either, it is somewhat truthful. The retina retains the images of the things that we want to see, or the things that we fear to see. It was told that a before-the-war negro upon his return from Washington, gave this account of the capitol of his country. He said: "The common folks dine there at noon; the representatives at two o'clock; the senators at four o'clock; the members of the Supreme Court at six o'clock; the Ambassadors from foreign countries at eight o'clock, and the President of the United States dines the next day. [Laughter.] I do not look at life so much from the standpoint of eating and drinking as this colored brother did. I look rather at an opposite side of the people. I know places in America where they know the past and live in it, Boston, for instance. I know other places where they know the past and live in the present, and I know what Chicago is. It knows the past, but it lives in the future. [Applause.] No man ought to rise, therefore, to address a Chicago audience unless he was born with a caul, and that was not my good fortune. However, I have seen your spirits going down all evening, and I think you can stand almost anything after Father Cavanaugh and Dr. Wiley. [Laughter.]

The Hoosier Judgment is the thing that I want to address myself to very briefly. It will be admitted

that the whole American people is the brightest people on earth. It is not necessary to prove that statement, but, as Alfred Austin said of Shakespeare, "We have our limitations." A people is not to be judged by its wisest men, nor is it to be by its fools. It is just to be judged by the average man, and I think today in America there is something that is a little bit radically wrong with the average man, and I am going to tell you what it is. There isn't any question that can arise in American life at the present time that every man does not at once say, "This is my opinion." He will pick up a morning newspaper, read the headlines, get the views of a reporter interlarded with facts and supposed facts, and straightway he will make up his judgment with reference to the matter, and he has an opinion upon every question from the cuneiform characters to the recall of judges. There was a woman killed in Indianapolis the other day, Dr. Helen Knabe, and there were 270,000 people in that town, and there was only one who had the temerity to write an article for a newspaper and say that it was absolutely certain that she was either murdered or had committed suicide. Everybody else was either for murder or for suicide. As for myself, I was a murderer and I did not want to hear any arguments or facts advanced that would stand in any way to prove the fact that she might have committed suicide.

That is distinctly a dangerous tendency in American life. It does not measure up to the past conduct of the American people, and I want to say to you that it does not measure up to the conduct and the judgment of the average Hoosier in all the years of his

Gov. Marshall

past history. There are some men who diagnose their own cases, read the newspapers and find out what medicine Wiley permits to be sold that will do them good, and go and take that medicine and either get well or die from the effects of it; but the average man who has any sense when he gets sick goes to a skilled diagnostician, asks what is the matter with him and takes the treatment that is prescribed. If every man were his own lawyer, many men in this audience instead of riding upon the crest of prosperity this night, would be in the trough of bankruptcy. No good business man ever puts vast business enterprise in the hands of a doctor of Divinity, although now and then the Reverend Doctor Gates does come in handy. [Laughter.] This Republic of ours will not endure if the whims and fancies and theories and ideas of men unsupported by any reason whatever and unbacked by any facts whatever are to be the remedy and to be the measure of the Government under which we live.

There is or there is not a science of government. It is just as scientific under a republic as it can possibly be under a monarchy. Granted that the people want honest public service, admit the right of the people to have honest public service, but when you have passed beyond the point of the right of the people to demand and to have honest public service, then the people must rely upon men who have some knowledge of civil government in this country of ours, or this country of ours cannot exist. [Applause.]

It is said in this country of ours that representative government does not represent. Well, if you

want to make it that it does not represent you and that it does not represent me, that statement is exactly true. It may not represent your views, it may not represent my views, it may not represent the views and the highest ideals of honor, honesty and integrity, justice, truth and righteousness; but I am going to go so far as to say to you that representative government has not represented the carelessness, but the indifference of the men of America. I am 57 years of age, and in all that time I have only been represented eleven years in this government of mine. Eight years I was so badly represented that it upset all my theories of government. [Laughter.] And yet I think I was represented, not by my views nor my ideas, not by what I was for—I was not represented either by the judgment or conscience of the American people, but I was represented by the carelessness and indifference of the American people, and I am going to say for myself that I believe it is possible to still retain the ideals of the republic and to still have the kind of government that we want in America. [Applause.] And if we do not have it, let us quit growling about it, because a free people can have the kind of government they want under a Republican form of Government, or they should take what they get and cease growling about it.

There are few men in political life who could say with Henry Clay that they would rather be right than President, and most of them stand a mighty slim chance of being either. [Applause.] We have knaves in medicine, knaves in law, knaves in the pulpit, knaves in business and knaves in politics, but in the main

Gov. Marshall when he hears from home as to what the folks are saying and thinking and wanting the representative does represent. It may not be a representation of honesty or even of intelligence, but it is a true representation. No one cuts off a leg except to save life, and no one hesitates to cut it off when life is at stake. I cannot speak for other states and other people, but I can speak for Indiana, and I can say for Indiana that we propose to maintain the ideals of the republic until it is necessary to cut them off to save liberty in Indiana, and when it is necessary, we will cut them off. [Applause.]

People think that we have not been represented in Indiana. The reason people are not represented in the government is because the people take no interest in their representative government. [Applause.]

Now, in the past in Indiana we have had our troubles and our difficulties. It has been the hot bed of politics in America, and I am not talking partisan politics tonight, because I have never been certain that I was right myself. I mean by that I have thought I was right, but I never had it in my heart to say to the man who differed with me: "You are wrong and I am right." I have granted to him under the Constitution and the laws of the republic the right that I have reserved for myself, that of standing for my principles, of upholding my cause and of praying that God would defend the right. [Applause.]

Now, in Indiana in all the days gone by we have had our bitterness and our discussions; we have had our malice and our prejudice, but we have discussed these things like men, and we have known that the

people themselves were the arbiters of their fortunes for good or ill, and in the end Indiana may have spoken with a heated and a loud voice, but Indiana has generally spoken the judgment of the American people at large. [Applause.]

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Indiana has voted 23 times for President of the United States. Nineteen times the man for whom she cast her electoral vote was inaugurated President of the United States. The twentieth time she voted for Andrew Jackson when the House of Representatives elected John Quincy Adams. The twenty-first time she voted for Samuel J. Tilden, who was elected president of the United States [Applause], so that twenty-one times out of twenty-three I say the judgment of Indiana was the judgment of America upon political subjects, and the other two times she voted on local issues, once for Lewis Cass, and once for William Henry Harrison, because he was the hero of the battle of Tippecanoe. [Applause.]

The Hoosier Judgment in education has been a judgment that I think has been based upon the finest ideas of life. There are two theories of education. One is that the business of education is to make a career for a man. The other is that the business of an education is to make a man, and that is a grander thing than the making of a career, and Indiana in her common school system and her colleges and her universities, has always kept high in standard. Indiana education stands for the making of a man. [Applause.]

The judgment of Indiana in literature I maintain has been a correct judgment. There are a thou-

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sand strings in literature upon which sweet music may be played. Some of it appeals to the highest and best and noblest in mankind, others appeal to the lower and the baser passions of mankind. To those who are in this meeting with us in this splendid city of Chicago I might say that the judgment of Indiana has been that the business of literature is to charm and to elevate mankind, and I may say that from the pen of Indiana there has flowed not wormwood nor gall, but always wine and honey and oil. [Laughter.]

Indiana Judgment has stood also for the home. I am glad for the finer distinction that Father Cavanaugh made between a house and a home. In Indiana we have felt that there was a difference between a house and a home. We have realized that a man might buy a vast domain and upon it erect a marble pile; he might adorn it with all of art and architecture; he might equip it with a retinue of servants, and yet that splendid palace might be nothing but a house if it were but a place for him to eat and drink and sleep. But in Indiana we have felt that a Hoosier might live in a little cottage, whose only environment was a vine, might have but the humble necessities of life in it, and upon whom in his heart might rest the keeping of it—that is a home, for it holds all that is dear to man. [Applause.]

Indiana, my friends, has been calm and cautious and considerate in her judgment of all things; political, religious, social, educational and economic. The Indiana man has been a man who is worthy and considerate in all the days gone by. I hope he will be so for the future. [Applause.]

There was a Dutch justice in Northern Indiana who tried a lawsuit. At the conclusion of the evidence the plaintiff's attorney addressed the court, and when the plaintiff's attorney sat down the defendant's attorney arose, and the justice said: "It's no use, sit down, he has got it." The defendant's attorney said: "Your Honor, I have a right to represent my client, and I want to be heard." "Oh, well, go ahead and make a speech, but it will do you no good, he has got it." He made his speech, and at the conclusion of it the just justice said: "Well, don't that beat the devil, now he has got it." [Laughter.] Gov. Marshall

Indiana is not full of Dutch justices. The average Hoosier wants to hear both sides of the case, and the judgment of Indiana generally is that that man is not wise who is not just, and no man can be just until he has heard the final and ultimate sentence upon any proposition which may arise before the people of the imperial state of Indiana. [Applause.]

President Ade: Some of you may be thinking of going out, but I want to tell you that if you wish to go out you had better do so now, for after Mr. Gillilan begins you won't want to go. Mr. Gillilan has arrived and I present him to you. [Applause.] The President

Address by Mr. Strickland Gillilan. Mr. Gillilan

Fellow Indians: Here I am at last. While you folks have been reuning and holding moderately elevated wassail, I have been haranguing an alien audience in the wilds of Downer's justly celebrated Grove. While I did my little best to use my fine audience as an anaesthetic for my pain of exile, yet I longed for

Mr. Gillilan you and was not happy. On the contrary I believe my feelings were synonymous with the Cockney's who took a prominent part in one of the historical pageants during the week when George last of England was jumped into the King row. This Cockney had been selected, purely because of his figure, as the one to personate one of the ancient Roman invaders of the tripartite little island. He knew none of Roman invaders by sight or by proxy. He had never heard of them. They did not move in his set. Yet he was invested with a short, thin, sleeveless tunic, thinner fleshings, tin greaves, ditto helmet, sandals and a large spear. After walking about the streets of London some hours thus clad, this bally blighter was weary and footsore and ashamed. At last there came a chance to rest, while some hitch in the proceedings was unhitched. Just at that moment a bitter wind blew from the channel and chilled his scantilly-clad form. He stood shivering in his finery when an old lady, literal minded and deeply interested in historical pageantry approached him and asked:

"Are you Appius Claudius?"

"No; blimy; I'm un 'appy as 'ell!" [Laughter.]

On such occasions as this I feel the bondage of the platform, and the exacting nature of the job that once looked so alluring. I feel toward myself as Mike Finnerty felt about a certain dormitory insect best named, in polite society, "The Crimson Rambler." "I ain't anything against th' little feller as a boob," says Mike, "but I do object like th' divvle to th' way he gits 'is living.'" [Laughter.]

Yet there is, even in this wandering life, an advantage. I have reached a point in supernatural wisdom at which I can read a time-card in the original. And I find myself becoming almost as much a model of resourcefulness as Mrs. Costello of Philadelphia. She and her husband were driven to drink, by some circumstances—probably by living in Philadelphia—that was in the pre-pennant days—and finding that drink and their work interfered, they quit the negligible occupation. Giving themselves enthusiastically to the impersonation of blotters, they soon had sold or pawned all negotiable goods in their two-room bungalow. One morning after they had spent a beautiful night full of fine scenery so far as memory served them, they were in the depths of despair, Death held no terrors for them. Never before had they contained such a mammoth thirst, and never before had such a tangible drouth confronted them. Nora looked up, blear-eyed, from her hand-held-head, and croaked: "Jerry." "Shut up." "Jerry, I think I know how we can git a dhrink." "Sthop, woman—yer mind's wanderin'; there ain't a dhrink in th' whole solar system." "I think we can get wan." "How?" "Well, do yez take off yer coat an' hang it over th' chair there, an' take yer dinner pail an' sthart out past Johnny Ryan's place, Johnny'll see yez an' belike he'll think yez have a job an' call yez in fer a dhrink." "It sounds foolish, but it's betther'n annything I can think av wid this thing that uset t' be me head. I'll try it."

Mr. Gillilan

Gathering up his old battered and long-empty dinner pail, he hung his coat up and started to the corner, past Johnny's place. The scheme worked. Johnny

Mr. Gillilan

thought he had a job, called him in, gave him two drinks and a cigar.

Cheered by the refreshment, Jerry went on, turned the first available corner and hurried home to tell Nora what a jewel she was.

"It worked, by gorry. I got two dhrinks an' a cigar." "Fine," said Nora, "I was by way av gittin' a half a pint out av it mesilf." "How undher hiven did yez git it?" "I hocked yer coat." [Laughter.]

Wherever my peripatetic wanderings lead me, I find Hoosiers. I don't know how I tell them. It's not much easier to know how than what to tell a Hoosier. But I always know them. They require no more identification than a Kansas hotel keeper named Ed Wood, an Englishmen who stammered copiously. Ed went home to visit the English cousins. When he got back as far as little old—whatever that town's name is—he found his stock of ready rather short. So he wired to his Kansas banker to send him $175. Smith, the banker, wired to Ed: "Have sent money care Kuhns & Co." To Kuhns & Co. he wired: "Pay to Ed. Wood $175 my account. Wood may be identified by stammer."

When Wood got back to Kansas he went to see his banking friend.

"S-s-say, J-joe, those K-k-kkuhns people are the finest s-s-set of g-g-gentlemen I ever m-met. I went around there and said: Did J-oe S-s-s-smith s-s-send me s-s-some m-money? They said Y-yes. I s-said B-b-by G-g——, sh-sh-shell'er out. They h-h-handed it out to me and n-n-never asked for any id-d-ddentification." [Laughter.]

Mr. Gillilan

Once in a while, even in this advanced calendar date, we find somebody inclined to heap contumely and other compost on Indianians. Only recently I heard a man referred to in his absence as a "D——— fool Hoosier." I was angry at once. Not at the Hoosier part, but at the appellation. There is much truth in the thing an Irishman said when he was on trial for assault and battery. The judge asked him why he had made a beautiful pulp out of the exhibit that was supposed to be the plaintiff. "He called me, yer anner, a dom fool Irishman." "Very offensive, I admit, but not sufficient provocation to warrant the assault." "Sometimes it is, Judge." "As how?" "Will yer anner let me ask th' jury a few questions?" "Hurry up." "You juryman there—yez is a German?" "Yah." "What would yez do if annybody called yez a dom fool Dutchman." "I'd hit him already." "And you there—a New Englander, I take it?" "Yeow're right, sir." "What would you do if annybody called you a dom fool Yankee?" "I 'low I'd hit 'im." "Now, yer anner, yez see what I mane. Whin annybody calls ye th' kind av dom fool yez are, you hit him." [Laughter.]

Now, I am here tonight for three good reasons, aside from the proverbial drunk reason "because we're here." First I had a strong inclination; second, I had an invitation; and third I had an opportunity. I told Holloway I'd be late, he said: "Well, come anyway. Why, three years ago if we hadn't had you, half of those expatriated Hoosier communities would have missed their last train home. Come and help them catch their train again." [Laughter.]

Mr. Gillilan And in closing, I want to say this: I have known and still know a good many nonresident societies formed and maintained in memory of former abiding places. I am a charter member of the Ohio Society of Maryland. But never have I found such an enthusiastic and lively and effective a bunch as this. Of all the exiles I have ever seen, the Hoosier seems the most recklessly hilarious over his escape. Good night. [Applause.]

President Ade then declared the dinner adjourned.

NOTE: A telegram from ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge was received and read but was mislaid and is not here printed.

The following Committees were in charge of the Seventh Annual Dinner: Committees

Speakers and Program

JOSEPH H. DEFREES, *Chairman* HENRY C. STARR, *Vice-Chairman*
DANIEL W. SCANLAN EUGENE J. BUFFINGTON
LEWIS L. BARTH EDWARD W. McKENNA
WILBUR D. NESBIT SAMUEL T. MURDOCK

Invitation

WILLIAM B. AUSTIN, *Chairman* E. LOUIS KUHNS, *Vice-Chairman*
ALEXANDER F. BANKS FRED L. ROSSBACH
HERMAN H. HETTLER A. MURRAY TURNER
ORSON C. WELLS HORATIO N. KELSEY

Banquet

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON, *Chairman*
WILLIAM C. FREE, *Vice-Chairman*
JOHN B. KITCHEN CHARLES W. McGUIRE
EDWIN M. ALLEN DAVID A. NOYES
LOUIS W. LANDMAN CHARLES ALLING, Jr.

Reception

JOHN C. SHAFFER, *Chairman* EDWARD RECTOR, *Vice-Chairman*
ARISTA B. WILLIAMS Dr. HENRY B. BROWN
JOSEPH M. WILE IRA T. EATON
ALEXANDER F. McMILLAN WILLIAM A. GIBSON
GEORGE M. SHIRK ROY D. KEEHN LANDON C. ROSE
CHARLES F. FISHBACK MORRIS S. MOSSLER
JOHN M. GLENN JAMES P. GOODRICH
RALPH A. BOND JOHN A. HALL HARRY J. GRAHAM
CHARLES T. LINDSEY Hon. HENRY B. TUTHILL
J. LINCOLN PFAFF JOHN R. LENFESTY
Hon. VIRGIL S. REITER WILLIAM D. MANN
DAVID M. HILLIS JESSE R. LONG
WILLIAM A. HEATH WILLIAM M. SIMPSON
EDWARD S. THOMAS EDWARD H. SENEFF
JACOB NEWMAN EDWARD B. SHAPKER
ARBA PERRY Dr. GEORGE W. HALL OTTO GRESHAM

Members of Purdue Glee and Mandolin Club. Season 1911-1912

FLOYD M. CHAFEE	C. W. SHOOK	L. P. SMITH
CHARLES NICOL	P. S. RICHEY	J. A. MARTIN
R. P. LA PORTE	F. A. MAYFIELD	E. M. SONNTAG
H. T. FRENCH	HARRY MARX	RALPH BOSARD
A. LIETER	R. H. MILES	R. M. SHEPARD
T. T. McCONNEL	C. F. LOMONT	H. E. SPROUL
C. B. BYERS	C. W. SCHMIDT	C. J. HADLEY
H. HIMMELEIN	L. THOMPSON	PAUL ROBERTS

W. SHERMAN SMITH, *Pianist* ARNOLD SPENCER, *Director*
ELBERT F. MOSHER, *Manager*